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our hemisphere—to discover the hours of the night by the appearance of the constellations; an Irish peasant will affirm without hesitation, that he can tell you the time of the night by reading the stars, without being able to give a satisfactory explanation of the knowledge; which, in fact he does not possess. It is to him a maze, “without a plan,” nor can he perceive aught in the vast expanse, but that undefinable something, which speaks volumes of intelligible things to the human mind, learned or unlearned, and seems to be felt in some instances by the inferior beings of the creation. (It has been observed of geese. *Absit omen verbo*, that they are heard to utter their peculiar note at the termination of the different hours of the night. Query, is it their observations of the stars, that transforms them into watchmen?)

In the southern hemisphere, the natives of many countries are enabled to discover, with considerable accuracy the different watches of the night, by the position of the Cross; during the early hours, this constellation is nearly erect, becoming more inclined towards the horizon as the night advances. Humboldt describes the sensations he felt when passing over the vast silent Savannas of South America, he heard his Indian guide call out, for the first time—“It is past midnight, for the cross is reclined.” We have no celestial horologe in our Northern regions so conspicuous as the Southern Cross; but if attentively considered, the constellation of the Lesser Bear will be found to point out the passing of time equally well, though without so much clearness and brilliancy. This idea, was, I believe, for the first and only time, suggested in a little work, entitled, “*Relox del Norte*” or Northern Clock, published at Madrid, in 1757, and written by a Spaniard of the name of Hualde, where he shews by means of 24 diagrams, 2 for each month; the position of the Lesser Bear every third hour during the night.

The following abridged sketch may give some idea of the plan, and induce others, who have more learning and more ingenuity, to improve, and if possible, make it practicable.

If we make the polar star the immovable pivot on which the hand of the clock turns, and form that hand of the Lesser Bear, the Star Kockab forming the extremity of the hand, and as if pointing to the hours; we may then draw an imaginary circle round the whole, the pole star always being the centre, and inscribe on that circle the 24 hours which the hand of the clock is to traverse, so far the horologe is formed; now if we examine it on the night of the 15th of March, it will be in the following position:—



the next evening, at the same hour, we find Kockab the point of the hand, a little more westward, becoming gradually more so, till the middle of October, when it appears exactly in the opposite position, or at IX, on the west side of the diagram. To render this theory capable of adaptation, there is only required a constant habit of observing the hand of the clock at the same hour during the different months, it advancing about 2 hours every month,

and afterwards during the different hours of the same night which is the object of the clock; for instance if the Star Kockab, on the 15th of March, points to IX of the circle at nine o'clock in the evening, at ten o'clock it will be at the next division and so on in progression.

To the travellers both over sea and land, to all who are obliged to keep watch during the night, the northern clock might be rendered useful. But even if it is destined never to be more than a philosophical speculation, it is a subject on which a contemplative mind can dwell with pleasure. The imagination is interested with that vast celestial clock formed of suns and systems, turning for ever round the Pole, itself seeming eternal, but telling since the creation the passing of time, “*Cette image mobile de l’immobilité Eternité*.” We are naturally inspired to reflect what are those suns? Where are those systems? that admonish the speck in the universe, which we inhabit, of the evanescence of all things that it contains; but here we feel that pride subduing sentence, before which all presumptuous theories fall back into their own nothingness, “*Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther.*” Z.

### THE SEPARATION.

(From the German of Klopstock.)

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

“Geh! Ich reiz mich los, obgleich die manliche Tugend  
Nicht die Thrane verbuet.”

Go! I stifle this intense affliction:—  
Go, my friend!—Albeit a manly virtue  
Never yet condemned a tear,  
Yet, farewell! I will not weep, Ernestus:  
Days,—years,—life itself must pass away in weeping,  
Were I now to weep for thee.  
For so all from all at last shall sever;  
Each in turn departing from the remnant,  
Leaving them to grief and gloom.  
So divideth death life's newly-wedded!  
He,—the young and headlong husband perished,  
Struggling with the midnight wave;  
She upon the shore, where tempest-voices  
Shriek in chorus wild above her grave of  
Wrecks and carcasses and weeds.  
So, too, lie the scattered bones of MILTON,  
Withering far away from HOMER'S ashes.  
Through the cypress boughs that droop  
O'er the sepulchre of each immortal  
Die away their fitful underwailings,  
Each a sad and separate dirge!  
Thus did HE in Heaven engrave on marble  
Silently the darkly over-curtained  
And mysterious doom of man.  
Prostrate in the dust before the Highest,  
Prostrate in the dust I bow and worship,  
Nor against His Wisdom weep.  
Haste to HAGEDORN, my loved Ernestus,  
Fly to him, and when thou hast embraced him,  
When the burst of mutual joy  
Yields to feelings of serener gladness,  
Tell, oh! tell him how I also love him  
With a love as warm as thine.

CLARENCE.

### KING JAMES THE SECOND.

The wreath of laurel which this unfortunate monarch won by sea was lost by land. Having been a spectator of the battle of the Boyne, on the 1st of July, 1690, he thought it most prudent, while the fate of the day was yet undecided, to seek for safety in flight. In a few hours he reached the Castle of Dublin, where he was met by Lady Tyrconnell, a woman of spirit. “Your countrymen, (the Irish) Madam,” said James, as he was ascending the stairs, “can run well.” “Not quite so well as your Majesty,” retorted her ladyship, “for I see you have won the race. Having slept that night in Dublin, he rode the next day to Waterford, a distance of two hundred English miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. On his arrival in that city, he went immediately on board a ship that lay ready for him in the harbour, in order to carry him to France. As he was passing along the quay a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and, as it was night,